Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitulit PHILOTVS.

QVHAIRIN WE MAY PERSAVE THE greit inconveniences that fallis out in the *Mariage betwene age and zouth.*

Ovid.
Siqua velis aptè, nubere, nube pari.

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CVM PRIVILEGIO REGALI.

THE NAMES OF THE INTER-LOQVITORS.

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MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatiſe intitulit PHILOTVS.

Philotus directis his ſpeich to Emilie.

O Luſtie luiſſome lamp of licht,
Zour bonynes zour bewtie bricht
Zour ſtaitly ſtature trym & tricht.
With geſture graue and gude:
Zour countenance, zour cullour
Zour lauching lips, zour ſmyling cheir, (cleir
Zour properties dois all appeir,
My ſenſes to illude.

2 Quhen I zour bewtie do behald,
I man vnto zour fairnes fald:
I dow not flie howbeit I wald,
Bot bound I man be zouris:
Foꝛ zow ſweit hart I wald foꝛſaik,
The Empyre foꝛ to be my maik,
Thairfoir deir dow ſum pitie taik,
And ſaif mee fra the ſchowꝛes.

3 Deme na ill of my age my dow,
Ile play the zonkeris part to zow.
Firſt try the treuth, then may ze trow,
Gif I inynd to deſaue:
Foꝛ Gold noꝛ geir ze ſall not want,
Sweit hart with me thairs be na ſcant,
Thairfoir ſome grace vnto me grant,
Foꝛ courteſie I craue.

For oft the Goddes as I hard say,
Hes done the lyke and zit thay may,
Perchance till vs agrie.

107 That Iphis was a Mayd we reid,
And swa did for hir prayer speid,
For verie reuth the Goddes indeid,
Transformde hir in ane man:
Pignaleons prayer purchast lyke,
Vnto his new eburneall wyke,
Quhais handis had caruit hir with ane knyke,
With vilage paill and wan.

108 Quhy may not now als weill as than,
The Goddes convert me in ane man,
The lyke gif that my prayer can,
I surelie will assay:
Maist secreit Goddes Celestiall,
Ze michtie Muikers greit and small,
And Heauinlie powers ane and all,
Maist humblie I zow pray,

109 Luke doun from zour impyre abone,
And from zour heich triumphant Trone,
Till vs puir saullis send succour sone,
Of zour maist speciall grace:
Behald how wee puir Madynis murne,
For feir and luik how baith wee burne,
Thairfoir intill ane man mee turne,
For till eschew this cace.

110 Behald our Parents hes oppreist,
And by all dew thair Dochters dreist,
With vnmeit matches to molest,
Vs sillie saullis ze lie:
Thairfoir immortall Goddes of grace,

Grant

Grant that our prayeris may tak place,
Conuert my kynde, this cairfull cace,
With solace to supplie.

111 Plesant. Ane faith perfumit with fyne folie,
And monie vane word alla-volie,
Thy prayer is not half sa holie,
House-lurdane as it semis:
Bot all inventit for a wyle,
Thy bedfallow for to begyle,
The bonie Lasse bot to defyle,
Na dowbilnes that deimes.

112 Brisilla. Maistris quhat now, bethink ze
Or than to be in sowne ze seime: (dreme,
Scho lyis als deid, quhat sall I deime,
Of this vnhappie chance.
Scho will not heir me for na cryis,
For plucking on scho will not ryis,
Sa larbair-lyke lo as scho lyis,
As raueist in a trance.

113 Philerno. O blisfull Deitie diuyne,
Maist happie conuent, Court and Tryne,
That dois zour glorious eiris inclyne,
Our prayeris to adheir:
We rander thanks vnto zow all,
For heiring vs quhen that wee call,
And ridding vs from bondage thrall,
As plainlie dois appeir.

114 I am ane man Brisilla lo,
And with all necessaris thairto,
May all that onie man may do,
I sall gar zow considder:
Now sen the Goddis abone hes brocht,

This wonderous wark and hes it wroght,
And grantit all euin as wee socht,
Let vs be glaid togidder.

115 Brisilla. Now sen the Gods hes succour sent
And done euen as wee did invent,
My joy I hartly am content,
To do as ze deuyse:
Throw Gods decreit my onlie choyse,
In mutuall luik wee sall rejoyse,
Our furious fathers baith suppose
Thay wald skip in the Skyis.

116 Philotus. My dow suppois I did delay,
Now cum is our sweit Nuptiall day,
Thairfoir mak haist swa that wee may,
In tyme cum to the kirk:
Philerno Ga quhen ze list sir, I am readie,
Thair is ane Gul heid, for be our Ladie,
I was zour Sone, and ze my Dadie,
This morning in the mirk.

117 Minister. I dout not bot ze vnderstand,
How God is Authour of this band,
And the actioun that wee haue in hand,
He did himself out set:
To that effect all men I meine,
Micht keip thair bodyes puir and cleine,
Fra Fornication till absteine,
And Childzen to beget.

118 Bot sen the mater cums athoyt,
Ilk vther day, I will be schoyt,
And dois the parties baith exhoyt,
To charitie and luik:
Tak heir this woman for zour wyfe,

Keip

Keip, luik and cherisch hir but stryfe,
All vther als terme of zour lyfe,
Saik hir ze sall remuf.

119 Tak for zour Spous Philotus than,
Obey and luik him as ze can,
Forsaik for him all vther man,
Quhill deith do zow dissseuer:
The Lord to sanctifie and blesse zow,
His grace and fauour als I wisch zow,
Let not his luik and mercie unsse zow,
Bot be with zow for euer.

Flavius conjuration.

120 O mercie God, how may this be?
Zon is indeid richt Emilie,
In forme of hir a faith I sie,
Sum Deuill hes me desaikt:
I will in haist thairfor gang hame,
Expell zon Spreit for sin and schame,
And to tell me the awin richt Name,
For Gods cauis I will craik it.

121 The Croce of God, our Sauiour sweit,
To saik and sane me fra that Spreit,
That thow na hap haue for to meit,
With me in all thy lyfe:
In Gods behaik I charge the heir,
That thow straik in my hart na feir,
Bot pas thy way and do na deir,
To neyther man nor wyfe.

122 First I conjure the be Sanct Marie,
Be Irisch King and Queene of Farie,
And be the Trinitie to tarie,
Quhill thow the treuth haue taull:

Be Christ and his Apostilles twell,
Be Sanctis of Heuin and hewis of Hell,
Be auld Sanct Tastian him sell,
Be Peter and be Paull.

123 Be Mathew, Mark, be Luik and Johne,
Be Lethe, Stix and Acherone,
Be hellische furies euerie one,
Quhair Pluto is the Prince:
That thow depart and do na wonder,
Be lichtning, quhirle wind, hayle nor thunder,
That beast nor bodie get na blunder,
Nor harme quhen thow gais hence.

124 Throw power I charge the of the Paip,
Thow neyther girne, gowl, glowrne, nor gaip,
Lyke Anker saidell, lyke vnsell Aip,
Lyke Owle nor Airische Elfe:
Lyke fyrie Dragon full of feir,
Lyke Warwolf, Lyon, Bull nor Beir,
Bot pas zow hence as thow cume heir,
In lykenes of thy selfe.

125 Emily. Gude-man quhat meine ze ocht bot gude
Quha bes zow put in sik ane mude.
Befoir I neuer vnderstude,
The forme of zour conjuring:
Flavius. I charge the zit as of befoir,
Pas hence and troubill me no moir,
Trowis thow to draw me ouir the scoir,
Fals feind with thy alluring.

126 Emily. Gude-man quhat misteris all this
As ze war cumbred with the cowis, (mowis.
Ze ar I think lyke Johne of Lowis,
Or ane out of his mynde:

Flavius.

Flavius. In Gods behaikt I the beſtriche,
Impeſche me not with word nor ſpriche,
Ill Spreit, to God I me beteiche,
Fra the and al thy kynde.

127 Pleſant. Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha,
The feind reſaue the lachters a,
Quhilk is the wyſeſt of vs twa,
Man quhidder thow or Ie
Flemit fuill, bes thow not tint thy feill,
That takis thy wyfe to be ane Deill,
Thow is far vaineſt I wait weill,
Speir at the ſtanders by.

128 Flavius. I charge the zit as I haue ellis,
Be halie relickis, Beidis and Bellis,
Be Ermeitis that in deſertis dwellis,
Be Lunitonis and Tarlochis:
Be ſweit Sanct Steuin ſtanit to the deid,
And be Sanct Johne his halie heid,
Be Merling, Rymour and be Beid,
Be witchis and be warlochis.

129 Be Sanct Maloy, be Moyſes Rod,
Be Mahomeit the Turkiſch God,
Be Julian and Sanct Elous nod,
Be Bernard and be Bryde:
Be Michaell that the Dragon dang,
Be Gabriell and his auld ſang,
Be Raphaell in tyme of thrang,
That is to be as gyde.

130 Emily. My luif, I think it verie lyke,
That ze war Licht or Lunatyke,
Ze feir, ze fray, ze fidge, ze fyke,
As with a Spreit poſſeſt:

Quhat is the mater that ze mene?
Quhat garris zow wraid, quhair haue ze bene,
Quhat ailis zow ioy, quhat haue ze sene,
To rage with sik vnrest.

131 Flavius. Quhat haue I sene fals hound of Hell
I trowit quhen I did with the mell,
Thow was richt Emilie thy sell,
Not ane incarnate Deuill:
Bot I richt now with my awin Eine,
Richt Emilie haue marvit leine,
Sa thow mon be ane Spreit vncleine,
Lord saif me fra thy euill.

132 Be vertew of the halie Ghaist,
Depairt out of myne houg in haist,
And God quhais power and micht is maist,
Conserue me fra thy cummer:
Gang hence to Hell or to the Farie,
With me thow may na langer tarie,
For quhy, I sweir the be Sanct Marie,
Thou's be nane of my nummer.

133 Philerno. Gar welche this houg for it growis laist
Husband I haue for to debait,
With zow a lytill of estait,
Befoir wee go to bed:
Sen I am zoung and ze ar auld,
My curage kene, and ze bot cauld,
The ane mon to the vther cauld,
I saith befoir we sched.

134 Philotus, We wil not for the maistrie stryue,
We mon grie better and we thryue,
Philerno. Na be my saull we'is wit belyue,
Quha gets the vpper hand.

Indeid

Indeid thow ſall beir mee a beuell,
For with my Neiues I ſall the nauell,
Auld cuſtrone Corle tak thair a reuell,
Than do as I command.

135 Philotus. I ſie it cummis to cuffis the man,
Ile end the play that thow began,
That victorie thow neuer wan,
That ſall be bocht ſa deir:
Ha mercie, mercie Emilie,
Tak ze the maiſtrie all for me,
For I ſall at zour bidding be,
And ſlay me not, I ſweir.

136 Pleſant. Wel clappit burd quhan will ze kiſſe?
Auld fuill, the feind reſaue the miſſe,
Ze trowit to get ane burd of bliſſe,
To haue ane of thir Waggies:
Quhat think ze now, how is the cace,
Now ze'ill all doit, allace, allace,
Now grace and honour on that face,
Quod Robein to the Waggies.

137 Philemo. Than hecht in haiſt thairfoir that (thow
Sall readie at my bidding bow,
Quhat euer I do thow ſall allow,
My fanſie to fulfill:
Sa gang I out, ſa cum I in,
Sa gif I waiſt, ſa gif I win,
Quhat euer I do mak ze na din,
Bot let me wirk my will.

138 Thou may not ſpeir the cauſe, & quhy,
Quhen that I lift not with zow ly,
Quhat I the bid, and thow deny,
Wee will not weill agrie:

Quhen that I pleis furth to repair
Speir not the cumpanie, nor quhair:
Content thy self and mak na mair.
I man thy maister be.

139 Philotus. I am content quhen e how lone,
Ill till obey that ze inione,
That ze command it man be done
Thair is nane vther buit:
Philerno. Quhat is zour pyce Damefall faire,
Quhat tak ze for a nichts lair.
Huir. Ze sall a Croun vpon me spair,
Bot quhom with sal I do it.

140 Philerno. Ile get a man, haue heir a Croun,
Bot be weill strange quhen ze ly doun,
Mak myce and gar the Larbar lowne,
Beleue ze be a Mayd:
Huir. The zoungest Las in all this Citie,
Sall byde na mair requeist nor treitie,
Ile cry as I war huirt for pitie,
Quhen I am with him laid.

141 Emily. Now sen my Husband hes done sa
But cause for to put me him fra,
I will vnto my father ga,
Befoir his feit to fald:
Father sa far I did offend,
That I may not my mis amend.
And am ouir pert for to pretend
Zour dochter to be cald.

142 Alberto. Lament not, let that mater be,
Thy faltis ar buriet all with me.
Betwixt thy Husband now and thee,
Is onie new debaite.

Emily.

Emily. I knaw of nane, bot hee indeid,
Hes put meefra him, quhat remeid.
And will na maiestik fosteris feid,
He layis of myne estait.

143 Alberto. Quhat is the mater that ze meine
Against all ordour clair and cleine,
Schut haine zour wyfe that hes not bene,
Fir fyue dayes in zour aucht:
Is this ane plesant godlie lyfe,
To be in barrace, sturt and stryfe,
The feind, wald faine man be zour wyfe,
Can neuer sit in saucht.

144 Philotus. Knew ze the treuth gude-man I trow
Hir labour ze sould not allow,
Luke all my face, behald my brow,
That is baith blak and bla:
Alberto. It may weill be, I can not tell,
That scho durst with that mater mell,
Let hir mak answer for hir sell,
To se gif it be sa.

145 Dochter gaue I the this command,
That thow thy Husband sould ganestand,
How durst thow Huir him with thy hand,
Put to the point of felling.
Emily. That war grit wrang sir, gif sa bee,
Bot hee na Husband is to mee,
Than how could wee twa disagree,
That neuer had na melling.

146 Alberto. Na melling Mistris? wil ze than
Deny the Mariage of that man,
In face of halie kirk quha can,
This open deid deny.

Emily. Let resoun sir with zow preuaill,
Condemne mee not first in the faill,
Befoir that ze haue hard my taill,
The treuth syne may ze try.

147 Now this is all that I wald say,
That Flavius tuke mee away,
About a Moneth and a day,
Drest in a Varlets weid:
With quhome I haue bene euer still,
Ane vther Emilie ay and quhill,
Hee saw zow giue Philotus till,
And than in verie deid,

148 Supponing mee ane Deuill of Hell,
With crewell conjuratiounes fell,
Did mee out of his hous expell,
As with a Bogill bazed:
As ane out of his mynde or marrit,
He hes mee of his hous debarrit,
I can not tell quhat hes him skarrit,
Or hes the man amazed.

149 Alberto. This purpois gosse appeirs to me
Sa wonder nyce and strange to be,
That wee to wit the veritie,
For Flavius man send:
Sir gif ze could declair vs now,
How lang this woman was with zow,
And all the maner quhen and how,
Wee wald richt gladlie kend.

150 Flavius. Sa far Alberto as I knaw,
I sall the suith vnto zow schaw,
Quhen I zour Douchters bewtie I saw,
I offerit hir gude-will:

Accepting

Accepting than the promise maid,
Cled lyke a Boy but mair abaid,
Fra zow dissaitfullie scho staid,
And come myne houss vntill.

151 Quhair I hir keipit as my wyfe,
Tret, lukit and cherest hir for lyfe,
Quhill eftter-ward fell out ane stryfe,
Thir maters all amang:
For plainlie in the Kirk I saw,
This man became zour Sone in law,
I did thairfoir perfytly knaw,
My Emilie was wrang.

152 And that some Spreit hir schaip had tane
Sen Emilies thair was bot ane,
I thairfoir to that Ghaist haue gane,
Conjuring hir my sell:
And fra my houss expellit hir to,
This woman seimis for to be scho,
Sensyne I had na mair ado,
With that fals feind of Hell.

153 Philotus. Now Flavius, I wait richt weil
Sen ane of them man be a Deill,
My maiglit face makis mee to feill,
That myne man be the same:
For quhy: richt Emilie is zouris,
And that incarnate Deuill is ouris,
I gat, ze may sie be my clouris,
A Deill vnto my Daine.

154 Philemo. Heir I am cum to red the stryfe,
For I am neyther Deill nor Wyfe,
Bot am ane zoung man be my lyfe,
Zour Sone sir, and zour Air.

Quhome ze for Emilie haik tane.
And wald not sirs let mee allane,
Quhill ze saw quhat gait it is gane,
I can tell zow na mair.

155 Philotus. A man, allace, and harmisay,
That with my only Dochter lay,
Syne dang my sell, quhat sall I say.
Of this vnhappie chance.
Haue I not maid a berrie block,
That bes for Jennie maryit Jock.
That mowit my Dochter for a mock,
The Deuill be at the dance.

156 Allace, I am for euer schamit,
To be thus in my eild defamit,
My Dochter is not to be blamit,
For I had all the wyte:
Auld men is twyse bairnis, I persait,
The wyseit will in wowing raik,
I for my labour with the laik,
Am driuin to this dispyte.

157 Alberto. Gude gosse, zour wraith to pacifie
Sen that thair may na better bee,
I am content my Sone that hee,
Sall with zour Dochter Marie:
Philerno. I am content with hart and will,
This Mariage father to fulfill,
Quhat neidis Philotus to think ill,
Or zit his weird to warie.

158 Flavius. Be feolick Flavius and faine,
To get thy Emilie againe
To deme my dow, was I not baine,
That thow had bene a Spreit.

Now

Now sen I am fred fra that feir,
And baine illusioun did appeir,
Welcum my darling and my deir,
My lucker and my sweit.

Gude sirs, quhat is thair mair a do,
Ilk zouth his lufe hes gotten lo,
Let vs thairfoir go quicklie to,
And marie with our maitis:
Let vs foure Lufers now rejoyse,
Ilk ane for to inioy his choyse,
Ane meiter matche nor ane of those,
For tender zoung estaitis.

Let vs all foure now with ane sang,
With mirth and melodie amang,
Giue gloir to God that in this thrang,
Hes bene all our releif:
That hes fra thraldome set vs frie,
And hes vs placit in sik degrie,
Ilk ane as hee wald wisch to be,
With glaidnes for his greif.

Ane sang of the foure Lufearis.

WERE Iacobs Sones mair ioyfull for to se,
The waltring wawes King Pharaois Oist
Was Israel mair glaid in hart to be (cõfound
Fred from all feir, befoir in bondage bound.
Quhen God thẽ brocht frõ Egiptian ground,
Was Mordocheus merier nor wee,
Quhen Artaxerxes alterit his decrie.

Was greiter glaidnes in the land of Greice
Quhen Iason come from Colchos haine agane
And conqueist had the famous golden Fleis,
With labour lang, with perrell and with pane.

The Father Æzon was not half so faine,
To se his Sone returning with sik gloir,
As wee, quhais myndis ar satisfyit, and moir.

163 Gif onie joy into this Earth belaw,
Or warldlie plesour reput be perfyte,
Quhat greiter solace sall ze to mee schaw,
Nor till injoy zour hartis all haill delyte.
To haue zour Lufe and lustie Ladie quhyte,
In quhome ze may baith nicht and day rejoyse:
In quhome ze may zour plesures all repose.

164 Let vs thairfoir, sen euin as we wald wisse,
Reciprocklie with leill and mutuall lufe,
As sleitand in the Fludes of joy and blisse,
With solace sing and sorrowes all remufe,
Let vs the frutes of present plesour pruse,
In recompence of all our former pane,
And miserie, quhairin wee did remane.

Philotus.

165. Bot now aduert gude bretherin all about,
That of my labour heis the succes seine:
Ze that heis hard this haill discourse throw out,
May knaw how far that I abusit haue bene,
I grant indeid thair will na man me meine,
For I my self am authour of my greif,
That by my calling sould be carpit cleine,
With zouthlie toyis vnto sa greit mischeif.

166 Gif I had weyit my grauitie and age,
Remenberit als my first and auncient fait,
I had not sowmit in sik vnkyndlie rage,
For to disgrace mine honour and estait,
Quhat had I bocht bot to my self debait,
Suppois the mater had euin than as I meinit:

Nay

May my repentance is not hail sa tait,
As I had gotin the thing quhairfoir I greinit.

167 For thocht my folie did the Lord offend,
Zit my gude God hes wrocht all for the best:
And this rebuik hes thairfoir to me send,
All sik inordinate doings to detest,
Quhilk sweit rebuik I reckin with the rest,
From fatherlis affection to proceid,
That vthers with lyke passioung possest,
May leirne be my exampill to tak heid.

168 Sen age thairfoir suld gouerne be wi skill
Let countenance accord with zour gray hairis
Ze auncients all, set resoun rewll zour will,
Subdew zour sensis till eschew thir snairis,
Gif ze wald not incumbred be with cairis,
Be maister ouer zour awin affections haill:
For hailillie the praise is only thairs,
That may against sik passions preuaill.

The Messinger.

169 Gude sirs, now haue ze hard and sene this
Vnworthie of zour audience I grant, (verse
Unformallie set out in vulgar verse,
Of waillit out words and leirnit leid bot skant
The Courteours that Princes hallis do hant,
I wait will neuer for my rudenes rule mee:
Zit my gude-will for to supplie the want,
I hope sall of zour courtesies excuse mee.

170 For passing weil I haue imployit my panis
Swa that ze can be with the same content:
For dew regaird gude acceptiouns gaines,
And parties pleisit dois mak the tyme wel spēt
Gif God had greiter leirning to mee lent,

I suld haue schawin the same wt als gude will:
Wyte ignorance that I did not invent,
Ane serse that micht zour fantasies fulfill.

171 Last sies, now let vs pray with ane accord,
For to preserue the persoun of our King:
Accounting ay this gift as of the Lord,
Ane prudent Prince aboue vs for to ring.
Than gloir to God, and praysis let vs sing,
The Father, Sone and halie Gaist our gyde,
Of his mercies vs to conduct and bring,
To Heuin for ay, in plesoures to abyde.

FINIS.

WHAT if a day or a month or a zeere
Crown thy desire with a thousand wisched contentings
Can not the chance of ane nicht or ane houre,
Crosse thy delightes with a thowsand sad tormentings?
Fortune, honour, bewtie, zouth are but blossomes dying
Wanton plesoures, dotting loue are but shadowes flying:
All our joyes are but toyes idle thoughtes deceauing,
None hes power of an houre in thair lyues bereauing.
Earth's but a point of the World, and a man
Is but a poynt of the Earths compared centure.
Shall than the poynt of a poynt be so vaine
As to delight in a sillie poynts aventure?
All is hazard that wee haue, here is nothing byding:
Dayes of pleasures ar but stremes throgh fair medowes gly-
Well or wo tyme dois go, in tyme is no returning, (ding
Secreete fates guydes our states, both in mirth and murning.

The Printer of this present Treatise hes (according to the Kings Majesties licence grantit to him) printit sindrie vther delectabill Discourses vndernamit, sic as are, Sir Dauid Lyndesayis play, The Preistis of Pebles with merie Tailes. The